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THE DIAL

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF

Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

EDITED BY FRANCIS F. BROWNE. | *Volume XXXVI. No. 430.* | CHICAGO, MAY 16, 1904. | *10 cts. a copy. $2. a year.* | FINE ARTS BUILDING, 203 Michigan Blvd.

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A Semi-Monthly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

THE DIAL (founded in 1880) is published on the 1st and 16th of each month. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, *$2.00 a year in advance, postage prepaid in the United States, Canada, and Mexico; in other countries comprised in the Postal Union, 50 cents a year for extra postage must be added. Unless otherwise ordered, subscriptions will begin with the current number.* REMITTANCES *should be by draft, or by express or postal order, payable to THE DIAL.* SPECIAL RATES TO CLUBS *and for subscriptions with other publications will be sent on application; and* SAMPLE COPY *on receipt of 10 cents.* ADVERTISING RATES *furnished on application. All communications should be addressed to*

THE DIAL, Fine Arts Building, Chicago.

ENTERED AT THE CHICAGO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

No. 430. MAY 16, 1904. *Vol. XXXVI.*

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JOKAI MOR.

No Hungarian writer has achieved a more world-wide fame than the novelist who died on the sixth of last month, having just entered upon his eightieth year. To the popular mind, indeed, contemporary Hungarian literature means the books of Maurus Jokai and nothing else. This is due, of course, to the fact that his work takes chiefly the form of fiction, and that our modern habit of novel-reading makes us turn to all the corners of the civilized world for the gratification of our appetite for fiction. Although only a comparatively small fraction of Jokai's fiction has been made accessible to English readers, the number of translated volumes is still considerable, and they have sufficed to make the name of their author widely familiar to English readers.

It is unfortunate that no systematic effort has thus far been made to give us the best of Jokai in some uniform shape and in accurate versions. The translations we have are the work of many hands, and in the majority of cases have been taken from the German rather than from the original — a process of transmutation which no work of literature can bear without losing much of its distinctive character. The translations, moreover, have too frequently been mutilated in deference to narrow standards of taste or to the demands of commercially-minded publishers. Hence it cannot be said that Jokai has been given an adequate opportunity to impress himself upon our public. Nevertheless, as already remarked, enough has been done to enable us to form some sort of an estimate of his quality, and the showing is fairly dazzling in point of energy and invention, and in point of the portrayal of a people whose racial instincts are alien to those of the rest of the European world. In point of style and the higher artistry of composition in general, it must be confessed that the English translations afford only negative evidence that such characteristics are to be found in his writing. But then, Dumas had no style worth mentioning, yet we accept him as one of the greater French novelists by virtue of very much the same sort of gifts as are so profusely ex-

hibited by the famous Hungarian who has just died. In fact, it must be admitted that the latter derived no small share of his inspiration from the example of the man who made spectacular romance out of so many episodes in French history, and who was contented to produce his effects without any great degree of sublety.

The first English translation of Jokai of which we find any record is "The New Landlord," which appeared nearly forty years ago. Since then, perhaps a score of his novels have been given to the English-speaking public. Among them we may mention "Timar's Two Worlds," "Pretty Michal," "Black Diamonds," a story of the coal mines, "The Green Book," a romance of Russian revolution in 1825, "The Nameless Castle," with a Napoleonic theme, "A Hungarian Nabob," picturing Hungarian life nearly a hundred years ago, "The Poor Plutocrats," "Debts of Honor," "The Baron's Sons," dealing with the Revolution of 1848, "Dr. Dumany's Wife," dealing with the Franco-Prussian War, "Midst the Wild Carpathians," "In Love with the Czarina," "The Lion of Janina," a Balkan tale, "The Day of Wrath," and "Eyes Like the Sea," which is a curious mixture of invention and autobiography.

As a writer of fiction, Jokai was a romanticist at heart, although he turned more and more to realism as the years went on. As may be seen from the list of titles given above, his range was wide, and he devoted himself with equal facility to historical and social themes. He was fond of making a display of special and even technical knowledge, and he flung facts about in a reckless fashion suggestive of the custom of Victor Hugo. His construction was frequently chaotic, and his invention was characterized by a *bizarrerie* which recalled the manner of the "Arabian Nights" rather than the rational methods of modern fiction. It is to this fantastic opulence of invention, revealing the barbaric and oriental impulses that still lurk in the background of the Hungarian consciousness, that the powerful appeal which he made to his countrymen is largely due, although of course his lifelong identification with the cause of popular patriotism had also much to do with his influence. To our English-speaking public, these things have a curious intellectual interest, and little more, and we find our chief account in those of his works which picture to us so intimately the strange Magyar civilization of modern times, with its types and situations of a kind that could not be found anywhere else in contemporary Europe. But his work can never come as close to our sympathies as can the work of almost any German, or Scandinavian, or French, or Italian writer of our time, for the reason of its racial and intellectual remoteness from our life.

The element of autobiography is found in a number of Jokai's novels, and is most evident in "Eyes Like the Sea," already mentioned in this connection. This book, which was published in 1890, and crowned by the Hungarian Academy as the best novel of the year, is mainly the story of the author's experiences in the Revolution of 1848. It tells us of his association with Petöfi in the leadership of that uprising, of his escape from capture, his period of hiding from his pursuers, and his love for Rosa Laborfalvy, the talented young actress who married him after saving his life at this year of peril. This was in 1849, and it is interesting to note that exactly fifty years later, another actress of tender years became his second wife, an occurrence which caused much excited comment among his friends, who did not relish the notion of marriage between a chit of a girl and the venerable representative of modern Hungarian letters.

Jokai Mor was an immensely prolific writer, beginning with a play at the age of seventeen, and keeping pen in hand for over sixty years. The novels alone fill hundreds of volumes, and besides the novels there are numerous plays, a history of Hungary, and a huge mass of journalistic and periodical production. He was connected editorially with one periodical or another nearly all his life, the last of the series being "The Nation," which he began to edit in 1894. At about this time the jubilee of his literary activity was celebrated with much ceremony, and was signalized by the publication of a uniform national edition of his works. He served for many years in the lower house of the Hungarian Parliament, and in his later years was made a member of the House of Magnates by imperial favor. His nearly eighty years were filled, in short, with almost every conceivable kind of honor, and now that he has died in the fulness of time, he has left behind him an enduring reputation in the hearts of all Hungarians. Even the world at large, however little it may know of his writings through personal acquaintance with them, must have some dim sense of the fact that one of the grand old men of European letters has passed away.

COMMUNICATION.

THE MEANING OF DEMOCRACY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I am not quite willing to accept your definition of democracy, as presented in your editorial in THE DIAL of April 16, as entirely satisfactory. I may, perhaps, agree with your contention that democracy does not mean "the popular election of all officers who occupy important civic posts." But I dissent, utterly, from the view therein expressed that "it really means the election of as few officers as possible, and the concentration in their hands of the largest practicable powers of appointment." Nor can I believe that "voters . . . are called upon to elect far too many officers, too many, that is, for a general exercise of intelligent judgment."

The foregoing quotations are taken from your editorial discussing the elective school board, and are designed, presumably, to have particular reference to that subject. Nevertheless, the school systems of this country have become both important and great because, as I insist, of their close and intimate touch with the masses. If there is one department of our government more than another in which all of the people are deeply, sincerely, and honestly interested, it is our public school system. And it is the very democratic character of the system which admits and encourages that popular interest. Withdraw the active management of our public schools from the masses, and you will have done much to affect unfavorably their usefulness and practical value.

You also suggest that "Office-seeking is never dignified and is not often legitimate." On the contrary, office-seeking, in a democracy, should be always dignified and never illegitimate. If it is not so, more 's the pity. I will concede that the methods employed in getting office are open to strong criticism. But, if the "better element," so-called, of our citizenship would actively identify itself with public affairs, these reprehensible methods would soon fail of their nefarious purposes. Active, intimate, and constant contact with public affairs, tempered by wisdom and honesty, is, or at least should be, a condition precedent to all living under a democratic form of government.

The appointive system is not satisfactory. The people of this country are demanding its annihilation. It is both un-democratic and un-American. It does not make preëminent fitness a qualification for appointment. It emphasizes favoritism. It is autocratic, dictatorial, and selfish. The election of a president, of our United States senators, and of our judiciary, are examples of what the people want. And it is not too much to say that their demands will be met and granted in the not far distant future.

I should say, keep as many officers within easy reach of the whole people as possible, eliminating from the list, perhaps, those of a purely clerical or technical nature. In these latter let merit win as the result of a fair and impartial examination. In this way will it be worth while to live under a democratic form of government. Then, too, will democracy have a meaning worth having.

DUANE MOWRY.

Milwaukee, Wis., May 7, 1904.

FORTHCOMING additions to the "American Men of Letters" series will include volumes on Walt Whitman by Mr. Bliss Perry, on Oliver Wendell Holmes by Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, and on James Russell Lowell by Mr. Ferris Greenslet.

The New Books.

MASSACHUSETTS' WAR GOVERNOR.*

In Mr. Pearson's Life of John A. Andrew we have the carefully drawn portrait of an extremely interesting, forceful, and lovable character, and the detailed account of a most noteworthy contribution toward the freeing of the slave and the triumph of the Union cause in our civil war. In the rather surprising lack of any previous biography of Andrew approaching this in fulness, Mr. Pearson's work will be welcomed as supplying a want and as probably the final and authoritative life of Massachusetts' famous war governor.

The opening paragraph of the preface declares the impossibility of presenting Andrew fully to the reader, transparent and void of guile though the man's nature is felt to be. Manifestly this is to be taken for granted in any biography. Who can analyze and understand his own character, not to speak of another's? However, the author appears to have spared no pains in the ransacking of all sorts of documents that might throw light on his subject. "The thirty thousand or more pages" of Andrew's letters have been read by him, or at least this is distinctly implied in the Preface. Old friends of the Governor have been interviewed, contemporary prints of all kinds examined, and, in short, nothing seems to have been neglected that could yield its bit of truth and realism and graphic force to the final result of years of faithful labor.

Entering thus heartily into his subject, it is inevitable that the author should, for the time being, view the world to some extent through the eyes of his hero. Hence we have, for example, a presentation of Lincoln which is not entirely that of an ardent admirer. In those times that tried Northern men's souls, especially in the year preceding the Emancipation Proclamation, and in the summer following it, Andrew's strenuous exertions for the cause were not always in harmony with the more cautious policy of the administration at Washington, and in his vigorous recruiting of volunteers for the field he repeatedly found himself entangled in the red tape of the war department. "Besides doing my proper work," he writes in the darkest hour of the war, "I am

---

*THE LIFE OF JOHN A. ANDREW, Governor of Massachusetts, 1861–1865. By Henry Greenleaf Pearson. In two volumes. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

sadly but firmly trying to help organize some movement, if possible, to save the Prest. from the infamy of ruining his country." Yet when the trying time was past, as before it had begun, Andrew was generously disposed to utter none but words of praise for Lincoln. "You ask me what Abraham Lincoln is like," he said in a speech soon after his return from the nominating convention at Chicago. "My eyes were never visited with the vision of a human face in which more transparent honesty and more benignant kindness were combined with more of the intellect and firmness which belong to masculine humanity. I would trust my case with the honesty and with the intellect and with the heart and with the brain of Abraham Lincoln as a lawyer; and I would trust my country's cause in the care of Abraham Lincoln as its chief magistrate, while the wind blows and the water runs." And in communicating to the legislature the sad news of the assassination, Andrew spoke eloquently of "the MAN on whom the people hung with fonder hope and confidence than had ever been exercised within the memory of the generation to which we belong." Of Lincoln as president he added: "We should still be enabled to challenge all human history to produce the name of a ruler more just, unselfish, or unresentful."

Not the least interesting chapter of the book is that which sets forth the relations between Andrew and one of the most notorious "political generals" of the war. Curiously enough it was Andrew himself who launched the irrepressible Butler, vehement political opponent though he was, on his remarkable military career. He was appointed as the fittest of six militia brigadiers to the command of the first regiments hurried off by the Governor at the earliest call from Washington. The way in which he thereafter made himself a thorn in Andrew's side and embroiled him for a while with the war department, makes one smile now as at the ingenious and naughty devices of a pert child who laughs at correction. Yet it was plainly no laughing matter for the Governor at the time.

The story of Andrew's nomination for the governorship has probably never before been so fully told in print as by Mr. Pearson. It was expected that Governor Banks, who represented the conservative section of the Republican party, would serve another year. He however had secretly accepted the presidency of the Illinois Central Railroad and was planning to step out, but designed to publish his intentions too late for Andrew's friends to rally around their candidate, and not too late for the Banks men to unite upon Henry L. Dawes, then in Congress, as his successor on Beacon Hill. From ex-Governor Claflin Mr. Pearson now learns how the secret leaked out.

"On Thursday night Governor Banks and William Claflin, the chairman of the Republican State Committee, were travelling by boat from New York to Boston. In the evening their talk of politics was general; but the next morning on the train Banks showed Claflin the draft of the letter which he was to send him later in the day. After leaving the train, Claflin went at once to Charles Sumner's house in Hancock street, and told his story. 'Give me my boots,' exclaimed Sumner, starting up. 'John A. Andrew must be the next governor of Massachusetts.' Though Andrew's friends lost no time in getting to work, they could afford to stop now and then to denounce to each other the trick of the 'little joker.'"

Andrew's nomination and election were both by large majorities.

Of Andrew's many public addresses frequent extracts are given; but, as he relied so largely on the inspiration of the moment and the potent influence of a great audience, his speeches suffer somewhat from being printed. The force of their impetuous eloquence may, it is true, be dimly surmised even as they stand in cold type, and here and there a ringing sentence is recognized as one that must have evoked tumults of popular applause. Thus, in addressing a Methodist camp-meeting on the island of Martha's Vineyard, he thrilled his audience with the often-quoted words: "I know not what record of sin awaits me in the other world, but this I know, that I was never mean enough to despise any man because he was ignorant, or because he was poor, — or because he was black." In estimating Andrew's services to his country — there is no space here to indicate what he achieved for his state or to name the many good causes he promoted — we may quote what is said of his heroic exertions in the summer of 1863.

"The tide of Northern fortune had ebbed incredibly low; it seemed that it must ebb still lower. The army was shattered in strength and spirit; foreign intervention appeared certain; there were no fresh troops. By the force of human wills the tide must be turned; the people must be made to enlist, to put into the renewed prosecution of the war all their resources of money and life. To help create in his people the will to do this was Andrew's task. The story of his labors to this end all through the summer, one day following another with its crowded confusion of work, is largely the chronicle of a dull office routine; yet through this toil of body and of spirit the end he wrought for came to pass."

The great work he did, too, in raising colored regiments and in finally securing white man's pay for the negro soldier, must not be overlooked.

Upon closing this engrossing biography the reader feels that he has been in the company of one with whom simple truth was indeed his utmost skill. Unstudied straightforwardness, disregard of the consequences of right conduct, generous warm-heartedness, scorn of all meanness, and, despite his impetuosity, an unusual staying power in every arduous undertaking,— these are the qualities that shine resplendent in John A. Andrew. His capacity for work, both the larger task of directing others and the more patience-trying personal attention to minute details, was extraordinary. No wonder he broke down at forty-nine. "A warm heart and a cool head" are the attributes ascribed to him more than once by the author. A warm heart he certainly had, but his generous impulses often hurried him into courses that appeared unwise to the sober understanding of his friends. Yet his may have been that higher wisdom of the heart which refuses to count the cost.

In a work showing such evidences of thorough preparation and such literary excellence one is reluctant to search for errors. Nevertheless, dealing as it must with many matters of party politics, the book cannot expect the cordial assent of every reader to every sentence. Henry Wilson is handled not exactly with gloves in the account of the gubernatorial contest of 1854, when "the astute politician," according to Mr. Pearson, "in all probability sold out" his supporters to the Know-Nothing party. Wilson's whole career is so at variance with such treachery that, though the circumstances may look suspicious, his admirers must hesitate to convict without more conclusive evidence. A statement, too, not strictly accurate occurs in the narrative at this point with regard to the party in question. The writer names 1854 as the year when it "came mysteriously upon the scene," whereas the Know-Nothing movement had made itself manifest two years before, although its first important victories were won in 1854. A surprising statement is made in reference to that undeniably astute politician and sympathizer with the South, Caleb Cushing. To save appearances, when all loyal men of note in the state were pressing their services on the Governor, Cushing joined the procession and applied for a military command, which was very naturally and justly refused him by the man he had so actively opposed in the past. But the author writes: "We of this day, knowing from the course of events the sincerity of Cushing's offer, cannot help feeling, perhaps to excess, what seem to be the cruelty and the injustice of Andrew's refusal." This heart-throb of commiseration few will share. Cushing was a turncoat, if ever there was one. Some will remember that when Grant, who had found him a useful tool, wished to make him chief justice, the timely production of a damaging letter from Cushing to Jefferson Davis compelled the withdrawal of the nomination.

An especially attractive feature of the book must receive brief mention. Not a few of that memorable body of men who held up the Governor's hands in those trying times are repeatedly introduced. Sumner, Phillips, Howe, Forbes, George L. Stearns, Henry Lee, — glimpses of these and many others add interest to Mr. Pearson's pages. A word of praise, in conclusion, should be spoken for the excellent apparatus of footnotes and index, and for the clear portraits and facsimiles interspersed through the book.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

TWO POETIC DRAMAS.*

As Dr. Richard Strauss has endeavored to embody a metaphysical system in a symphonic composition, so Mr. Thomas Hardy has sought to express a philosophy of history in a closet-drama. Both feats are quite impossible of achievement upon the terms of the arts respectively involved, yet both produce deeply interesting results because of the powerful personalities which they exhibit. The symphonic poem throws little light upon the doctrines of Nietzsche-Zoroaster, but much upon the inner workings of the composer's mind; the historical drama likewise adds little to our insight into the Napoleonic wars, but does much to illuminate the point of view from which its author contemplates the significant happenings in the tragi-comedy of human life. It takes for its motto the words:

"And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,
And trumpets blown for wars."

*THE DYNASTS. A Drama of the Napoleonic Wars, in Three Parts, Nineteen Acts, and One Hundred and Thirty Scenes. By Thomas Hardy. Part First. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE FIRE-BRINGER. By William Vaughn Moody. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

It might even better have taken Matthew Arnold's familiar lines about Heine:

"The Spirit of the world,
Beholding the absurdity of men —
Their vaunts, their feats — let a sardonic smile
For one short moment, wander o'er his lips."

The word "short" in the quotation would hardly be applicable, for Mr. Hardy's portentous production extends to nineteen acts and one hundred and thirty scenes, but the "sardonic smile" is everywhere in evidence, and "the spirit of the world" is one of the speaking characters of the drama.

The mere enumeration of these characters fills four pages of print, and one of the four is a list of the "phantom intelligences" who hover about the scene, and comment upon the action after the fashion of a Greek chorus. There is the Ancient Spirit of the Years, the Spirit of Pities, the Spirit of Rumour, and Spirits Sinister and Ironic, besides the Shade of the Earth and a sufficient number of Recording Angels. These ideal shapes are not kept mostly outside the main action, as in "Faust," but mingle with it at every point, and penetrate the scene with their intelligence. Their part is so important that we must quote in full the author's explanation of how he came to use them and what he intended should be their function in his artistic plan.

"It was thought proper to introduce, as supernatural spectators of the terrestrial drama, certain impersonated abstractions, or Intelligences, called Spirits. They are intended to be taken by the reader for what they may be worth as contrivances of the fancy merely. Their doctrines are but tentative, and are advanced with little eye to a systematized philosophy warranted to lift 'the burthen of the mystery' of this unintelligible world. The chief thing hoped for them is that they and their utterances may have dramatic plausibility enough to procure for them, in the words of Coleridge, 'that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment which constitutes poetic faith.' The wide prevalence of the Monistic theory of the Universe forbade, in this twentieth century, the importation of Divine personages from any antique Mythology as ready-made sources or channels of Causation, even in verse, and excluded the celestial machinery of, say, 'Paradise Lost,' as peremptorily as that of the 'Iliad' or the 'Eddas.' And the abandonment of the masculine pronoun in allusions to the First or Fundamental Energy seemed a necessary and logical consequence of the long abandonment by thinkers of the anthropomorphic conception of the same."

This explanation, which is also a confession of faith (of a lack of faith, some will say, with too great a readiness to jump at conclusions), is absolutely essential to any comprehension of the mood or temper in which the drama has been wrought; it sets the work apart from those others which likewise make use of supernatural machinery, but which use it in such a way as to give at least temporary credence to the concrete forms in which the outworn religions have shaped forth their envisagement of life's inmost meaning.

A great historical period, then, viewed on the one hand with the eye of the most minute and relentless realism, and on the other seen absolutely *sub specie æternitatis*, is what Mr. Hardy has given us in "The Dynasts," of which the first six acts are now published. That the eternal aspect of his theme, rather than the temporal aspect, is what chiefly concerns him, is a fact of which we are not permitted to doubt for a moment. He makes this perfectly clear in the scene of Napoleon's Coronation at Milan, where the dumb show of ceremonial becomes the subject of spiritual comment after the following fashion:

"Spirit of the Pities.

"What is the creed that these rich rites disclose?

Spirit of the Years.

"A local thing called Christianity,
Which the wild dramas of this wheeling sphere
Include, with divers others such, in dim,
Pathetical, and brief parentheses;
Beyond whose reach, uninfluenced, unconcerned,
The systems of the suns go sweeping on
With all their many-mortaled planet train
In mathematic roll unceasingly.

Spirit of the Pities.

"I did not recognize it here, forsooth;
Though in its early, lovingkindly days
Of gracious purpose it was much to me."

From this point of view the mightiest figures in human history shrink to mere manikins, and the men who have convulsed the world seem no more than puppets controlled by a mysterious and inexorable destiny.

Perhaps three-fourths of the present volume is in the form of verse — blank verse for the dialogue of mortals, lyrical measures of various forms for the discourse of spirits. But the verse, whatever its form, is such as to defy all the conventional canons of poetic diction, being devoid of grace and melody, and having in their stead only sheer intellectual weight and merciless logic. Two more illustrations may be given besides those already introduced for illustration of the author's thought. Here are the words spoken by Pitt upon hearing the news of Austerlitz:

"O God that I should live to see this day!
'Defeated — the Allies — quite overthrown
At Austerlitz — last week.' — Where 's Austerlitz?
— But what avails it where the place is now;
What corpse is curious on the longitude

And situation of his cemetery! . . .
The Austrians and the Russians overcome,
That vast adventuring army is set free
To bend unhindered strength against our shores. . . .
So do my plans through all these plodding years
Announce them built in vain! . . .
His heel on Europe, monarchies in chains
To France, I am as though I had not been."

And here is part of the antiphonal song of the Recording Angels, chanted to "ærial music":

"Feeble-framed dull unresolve, unresourcefulness,
Sat in the halls of the Kingdom's high Councillors,
Whence an untactical torpid despondency
Weighed as with winter the national mind."

Surely such dactyls as these were never shaped before; that they are the utterance of an angelic voice seems to be one of the deepest of the ironies in the author's whole ironic scheme. Clearly this work must be taken on Mr. Hardy's own terms; the ordinary terms of literary art would compel its summary rejection, and it is quite impressive enough to force us to set those terms aside.

The conception of the historical Napoleon here presented is essentially just. It is that of the hero perverted until he has become the "man of mere traditions," that of the leader with whom

"The large potencies
Instilled into his idiosyncrasy —
To throne fair Liberty in Privilege's room —
Are taking taint, and sink to common plots
For his own gain."

The three figures of Napoleon, Nelson, and Pitt stand out far above the mass of historical characters that Mr. Hardy has brought into his drama. Women hardly appear in the foreground of the action, and few of them are even named in the long list of *dramatis personæ*. The section of the work now published may be summed up historically with the five words Milan, Boulogne, Ulm, Trafalgar, and Austerlitz. The Peninsular War will be the central theme of the second section, with Jena and Wagram for subjects of secondary interest. Moscow, Elba, and Waterloo will be the capital headings of the third and concluding section, followed by an epilogue in a Wessex village, and an "after scene" in "the overworld," to match the "fore scene" with which the work is opened. The programme which gives us this outline ends with a note to the effect that the remaining sections are "in hand," although "their publication is not guaranteed." We trust that they may see the light. So grandiose a plan, conceived by so forceful and distinguished a writer, could not suffer frustration without the world's being left the poorer.

An undertaking no less ambitious than that of Mr. Hardy, and one which, if of less weight as an embodiment of ripened wisdom, is of far greater weight as an expression of the poetic imagination, is Mr. William Vaughn Moody's trilogy on the Promethean theme. Our opinion of "The Masque of Judgment," holding it to be one of the most extraordinary productions of recent literature — a poem in so high a sense that it may be doubted whether its author has a peer among the younger singers of our race — was expressed in these pages three years ago. It now appears that "The Masque of Judgment" was planned as the intermediate section of a three-fold drama, of which "The Fire-Bringer," recently published, constitutes the first part, and which some as yet unnamed and unimaginable work (as far as the public is concerned) will bring to a conclusion. With two-thirds of this drama already in our possession, we trust that no untoward and malign fate will deprive us of the completion of a production which offers every promise of enduring life.

Æschylus, Goethe, and Shelley — these are the names that any treatment of the Prometheus myth must bring to mind. Now there are two ways in which the great names of literature may be brought to mind. One of them is by the appalling contrast between the work of genius for which they stand and the work of some mediocre modern talent that seeks their shadow; the other is by the suggestion of an evident kinship that makes it not altogether preposterous to speak in the same breath of the masters and some modern disciple who has caught his inspiration from their teaching. We have no notion of discovering a new Æschylus, or Goethe, or Shelley, in Mr. Moody, but we make bold to say that he has, greatly daring, dealt so worthily with their famous theme that we may not fairly charge him with rashness; that he has, to use a figure naturally suggested by that theme, filched some spark of fire from their heaven for our use.

"The Fire-Bringer" opens upon a world made desolate by the wrath of Zeus. The floods have swept over it, destroying the race of men, save only the few rescued by Deukalion's ark. The stone men and women sprung from the "big seed" cast by Deukalion and Pyrrha have indeed in a way repeopled the world, but they are stolid figures, unawakened to the life of the spirit, and groping about over an earth made dark by the cloud-pall that still overhangs it, and made dismal by the ooze

and slime left by the "black ebb" of the waters. Prometheus has in vain ranged the world in search of a spark of fire, and has even scaled the heavens only to be baffled in his quest. But his soul is still indomitable, and the love and faith of Pandora bring to him a gleam of cheer and strengthen his high purpose. Prometheus thus describes his first fruitless search:

"I clambered down
Old earthquake-cloven rifts and monstrous chasms
Where long ago the stripling Titans peered
At play and dared not venture, — found me out
Flint-stones so buried in disastrous rock
I thought the Darkener sure had passed them by;
But not a spark lived in them. Past the walls
Rhipean, and the Arimaspian caves,
I sought the far hyperborean day,
But not a banner of their rustling light
Flapped through the sagging sky, nor did the Fates
Once fling their gleaming shuttles east or west.
By Indian Nysa and the Edonian fount
Of Hæmus long I lurked, in hope to find
Young Dionysus as he raced along
And wrest his pine-torch from him, or to snare
Some god-distracted dancing ægipan,
And from his garland crush a wine of fire
To light the passion of the world again
And fill man's veins with music; but there went
A voice of sighing through the ghostly woods,
And up the mountain pastures in the mist
Desolate creatures sorrowed for the god.
Across the quenched Ægean, where of old
The shining islands sang their stasimon,
Forever chorusing great hymns of light
Round Delos, through the driving dark I steered
To seek Hephæstos on his Lemnian mount;
But found him not. His porches were o'erthrown,
His altar out, and round his faded peak
The toilèd Cyclops, bowing huge and dim,
Uncouthly mourned."

But in the hour of his deepest dejection, new hope comes to the Titan with the advent of Pandora, who brings him a fennel stalk; he receives it as the token of a fresh endeavor, and the first act closes as he departs

"To find somewhere through the piled gloom
A mountain-path to unimagined day."

In the second act, the few maddened survivors of the deluge, in their last frantic effort to appease the anger of Zeus, come bringing the child Alcyone, and press about Deukalion and Pyrrha, demanding of them also the sacrifice of their child Æolus as a supreme offering upon the altar. Deukalion at first resists, then reluctantly consents, and the sacrifice is about to be consummated when Pyrrha interposes, and declares that the knife shall not yet fall, —

"Not till Prometheus comes or makes a sign!"

In the hour of heavy suspense, the voice of Pandora is heard singing down the slopes, and her appearance is eagerly awaited. Then follows this supremely beautiful scene:

"A Man's Voice.

"Take heed there to the lad where he hath risen
His height upon the altar! And the maid
Is risen. Look to them!

Pyrrha.

Children! Æolus!
What is 't with you? What search ye in the heavens?
Or to what high thing do your spirits strain
And your hands tremble up?

Æolus and Alcyone (looking and pointing upward).

The stars! The stars!

(*Pause.*)

Deukalion.

Why hath so deep a hush fallen on the night?
I heard a whispering cry. What whisper they?

Pyrrha.

Æolus pointed — whispering of the stars.

Æolus.

Æolus — stars. Pyrrha!

Pyrrha.

With thee!

Deukalion.

Speakest thou
Of stars?

Pyrrha.

Ay, so he whispered!

Deukalion.

Thou — and thou?

Pyrrha.

Nothing, nothing. My soul was as a lake
Spread out in utter darkness; to its depth
There pierced a silvery trembling ——

Deukalion.

Look again.
Wife, cease to pray! Look out again!

Pyrrha.

The dark
Gathers and flees, and the wide roof of night
Leans in as it would break; the mountainous gloom
Unmoors, and streameth on us like a sea.
O Earth, lift up thy gates! It is the stars!
It is the stars! It is the ancient stars!
It is the young and everlasting stars!"

And then there follow page upon page of glorious poetry, the rapturous expression of the restoration to the world of light and life and joy. And then at last the sun streams out over the earth, dazzling to the long-darkened eyes of the survivors, and intolerable to the eyes of the men sprung from the clods of Deukalion's sowing. And the song of Pandora is heard again, and then the voice of Prometheus,

"Thou gavest me the vessel; it is filled."

and the answering voice of Pandora,

"I am the vessel, and with thee 't is filled."

And then Prometheus appears, and gives to

the children now saved from death the fennel stalk with its priceless treasure of fire.

"Unto this twain, man-child and woman-child,
I give the passion of this element;
This seed of longing, substance of this love;
This power, this purity, this annihilation.
Let their hands light the altar of the world.
'T is yours forever. I have brought it home!"

The third and closing act of the drama brings retribution to the daring saviour of mankind. The scene is the tomb of Deukalion, whither the remains of the king have been borne to rest beside his stranded ark on the mountain side. A chorus of old men is followed by choruses of girls and young women, who sing of "the dark peace-giver, Thanatos," and of the mysterious whisperings in their ears of the winged Eros. The funeral cortege departs, leaving the mourners beside the tomb. And then amid gathering clouds, and thunders, and the flashes of angry lightning the pursuit of Prometheus is foreshadowed. Pandora appears questioning,—

"Deemest thou
That he will yield himself unmurmuring up,
Or will he make wild war along the peaks?"

To the cry Prometheus himself answers, suddenly appearing and clasping her in his arms.

"Be comforted; it is established sure.
Light shall arise from light, day follow day,
Season meet season, with all lovely signs
And portents of the year. These shall not fail;
From their appointed dance no star shall swerve,
Nor mar one accent of one whirling strophe
Of that unfathomed chorus that they sing
Within the porch and laughing house of Life,
Which Time and Space and Change, bright caryatids,
Do meanwhile pillar up. These shall not fail;
But O, these were the least I brought you home!
The sun whose rising and whose going down
Are joy and grief and wonder in the heart;
The moon whose tides are passion, thought, and will;
The signs and portents of the spirit year,—
For these, if you would keep them, you must strive
Morning and night against the jealous gods
With anger, and with laughter, and with love;
And no man hath them till he brings them down
With love, and rage, and laughter from the heavens,—
Himself the heavens, himself the scornful gods,
The sun, the sun-thief, and the flaming reed
That kindles now the beauty of the world."

At the end of the long monologue which is thus begun, Prometheus departs to meet the doom which he clearly foresees, sustained in spirit by the thought of what he has done for the race of men, and by his memory of Pandora, to whom he speaks these pregnant last words: "There where I go thou art." And as darkness drifts deeper and deeper over the scene, we hear the song of Pandora:

"A thousand æons, nailed in pain
On the blown world's plunging prow,
That seeks across the eternal main,—
Down whatever storms we drift,
What disastrous headlands lift,
Festal lips, triumphant brow,
Light us with thy joy, as now!"

And amid the peace of the following starlight, and the flush of the succeeding dawn, this lyrical drama ends with a hymn to Apollo, chanted by a chorus of young men coming up the mountain slope.

"For thou alone, O thou alone art he
Who settest the prisoned spirit free,
And sometimes leadest the rapt soul on
Where never mortal thought has gone;
Till by the ultimate stream
Of vision and of dream
She stands
With startled eyes and outstretched hands,
Looking where other suns rise over other lands,
And rends the lonely skies with her prophetic scream."

After these quoted illustrations, mere prose can find little to say that is worth recording. The work which has thus been passed under swift review seems to us to have fairly scaled the heights which it has attempted, to have reached with unflagging wing that thin upper air to which few poets find access, and in which still fewer can breathe. The song is indeed a thing not of earth, and some may find a cause for reproach in this very fact; to us it is rather a cause for thankfulness, since it shows us that even in this prosaic modern world of ours the poetic spirit may still achieve something of the accent and the utterance of the great voices of the past.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

COGENT ESSAYS ON VARIOUS THEMES.*

If Mr. William Garrott Brown were not already known to a wide public as a conscientious and sometimes fairly brilliant essayist, he would certainly deserve to gain that reputation on the strength of his recently published book, "The Foe of Compromise." In this volume we have a collection of four genial essays, three of which appeared originally in "The Atlantic Monthly," the fourth being accounted for as the outgrowth of an address delivered somewhat more than two years ago before the Harvard Memorial Society. The essays exhibit such diversity of theme that one can hardly hope to characterize them as a group, save perhaps to say that while here and there

*THE FOE OF COMPROMISE, and Other Essays. By William Garrott Brown. New York: The Macmillan Co.

they tend a bit toward abstruseness, their thought is usually cogent and their style of expression straightforward and pleasing.

In the title essay, Mr. Brown sets out to discover what is that force which "in one man keeps alive his whole desire, his undiminished aspiration, while in another man, after a brief struggle, a faint beating of its wings, it yields to necessity, to circumstance"; in other words, what is the foe of compromise, — the elemental power which compels the neighbor on my right, often to his hurt, always to his discomfiture, to scorn to temporize or concede in his dealings with the world, but which in the more easy-going neighbor on my left rarely succeeds in even ruffling the surface waters of his life. In the nature of the case, no very exact solution of the problem can be arrived at. Many exceedingly interesting observations are recorded, but what the thing itself really is, as Mr. Brown confesses, cannot even be described, much less defined. "But when it rises up, out of the nothingness within, the man will know it for his very inmost self. Ideal is not its name, for ideals are many, and they change; the thing I mean is one and constant. It is, rather, the champion and tutelary god of all ideals. Nor is it aspiration, but rather the monitor that bids us always aspire, and largely. Nor is it desire, but rather a royal parent to desires. There is, in fact, no name for the thing I mean. Let us call it merely the foe — the hidden foe — of compromise." It is the *esprit de résistance* which again and again makes tragedies of human life and gloats over the deed, yet which at its worst possesses a certain wild charm and at its best commands the universal admiration of the thoughtful.

In "A Defence of American Parties," the author considers at some length the assertion of Bryce and De Tocqueville that political parties in the United States are not divided by principles of fundamental importance, but rest only on tradition and matters of expediency, and seeks to determine whether or not the present-day party system which so dominates us is really meaningless. After a fair enumeration of the weaknesses of the system, argument is skilfully produced to establish the thesis that "parties do stand for a right and necessary division of the American people." Mr. Brown's historical characterization of the Republican and Democratic parties, while brief, is worthy of a careful reading.

The next essay has for its subject "The Task of the American Historian," and while not a formal review, was evidently prompted by the appearance a year or more ago of President Wilson's "History of the United States," Mr. John Fiske's "Essays, Historical and Literary," and the seventh volume of the "Cambridge Modern History," dealing with the United States. Mr. Brown is himself a man of some experience in the writing of history, and his characterizations of such historians as Wilson, Fiske, Justin Winsor, Parkman, and Lord Acton, are highly suggestive. As a man of letters, Mr. Brown manifestly approves of President Wilson's habit of regarding history as a branch of literature rather than of science.

The closing essay, "The Great Occasions of an American University," is easily the most interesting, if not the most scholarly, of the series. The university is Harvard, and the great occasions are the visit of Governor Hutchinson in 1771, that of Washington when about to take command of the American army in 1775, that of La Fayette in 1824, that of the doughty Westerner, Andrew Jackson, in 1833, the celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the college in 1836, the reunion of Harvard survivors of the Civil War in 1865, and the funeral of Phillips Brooks in 1893. As official curator of Harvard records in recent years, Mr. Brown has had an invaluable opportunity to acquaint himself with both the history and the tradition of the university, all the way from the Puritan days to the present. In this essay we have the very cream of his knowledge of the subject. There is a fine appreciation not only of the more picturesque and striking personages who have touched the life of the university, but also of the aspirations, struggles, tragedies, and triumphs of the great throng of college men who do not become famous. Mr. Brown has a wholesome philosophy, and his essay cannot fail to inspire in the reader both a deeper respect for America's favored seats of learning and a more thorough-going sympathy with the great work sought to be accomplished in them.

FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG.

A WORK that will occupy a distinct place of its own in the great amount of literature concerning Lewis and Clark now appearing, is Mr. Olin D. Wheeler's "The Trail of Lewis and Clark," announced for immediate publication in two volumes by the Messrs. Putnam. Mr. Wheeler, who is known as the writer of the attractive "Wonderland" series issued by the Northern Pacific Railway, has travelled several thousands of miles over the original route of the explorers, and his identification of their trail is thus based on direct personal observation and research.

An American Man of Action.*

When we get far enough away from the literature of the present period to see it fairly, we shall probably come to the conclusion that one of its most attractive features is its biographical treatment of the leaders in the various paths of our national development during the past century. Such series as the "American Statesmen," and the "American Men of Letters," deservedly occupy a high place in our consideration; but we have in mind particularly the more spontaneous output of Autobiographies, Recollections, Memoirs, etc., represented by such books as Stillman's "Autobiography of a Journalist," Mr. James's "William Wetmore Story and his Friends," General Gordon's "Reminiscences of the Civil War," and Senator Hoar's "Autobiography of Seventy Years."

The level of literature of this class produced during the past few years has certainly been high, and to say that any particular work stands distinctly above that level is high praise indeed. And yet we do not hesitate to predict that such will be the verdict of intelligent readers generally with reference to the Memoirs of Henry Villard. It is true that the work was left unfinished, and as a consequence is ill proportioned; but these formal blemishes leave upon the reader in the end nothing but regret that death caused anything to be sacrificed from what the author had it in his heart to tell. The successful autobiographer must have had either unusual power to see, or unusual power to bring things to pass. Mr. Villard had both, and the story that he has left gives to the reader the full advantage of both.

The power of Mr. Villard to see is shown most clearly in the details of his career as a newspaper correspondent, from 1856 through the greater part of the Civil War. To anyone acquainted with the general character of the man, it is needless to say that as a war correspondent Mr. Villard did not follow the principles and methods of the modern sensational journalism, which the Civil War did so much to develop. Commanders whose armies he accompanied quickly learned that their plans and purposes could safely be discussed in his presence, for neither his honor nor his patriotism would allow him to give news to the public prematurely for the paltry prize of a newspaper "scoop." That he was able more than once to deliver news of the highest importance either to his paper or to the authorities at Washington in advance of all others was due simply to superior industry and insight, never to methods in the slightest degree reprehensible. It is easy to see the value to his memoirs of the confidential relations with officers which such a reputation permitted him to maintain. They were conscious of no necessity of assuming any special disguise in his presence, and so he saw them as they really were, whether in their weakness or in their strength. All this gives high authority to his expressions of opinion concerning the general character, or conduct in specific cases, of the commanders who came under his observation; and he has shown no hesitation in making his opinions known when occasion offers. He had set a very high standard of completeness and carefulness for the military portion of his memoirs, checking himself at every point by thorough examination of the official records, both Federal and Confederate. Especially was it his desire to give a complete account of the operations about Chickamauga and Chattanooga, and the thorough preparation which he thought necessary for this portion might serve as a valuable lesson to many a professional historian. But all this took time as well as effort, and failing health broke the story off abruptly with the description of the "Battle above the Clouds."

But it was not the military record alone which suffered from this failure of health; to the same cause is due the fact that we get but a hurried compendium of the entire subsequent period, covering the writer's remarkable and romantic career as an assistant in the development of the great Northwest. It is intimated in the Preface, however, that a detailed account of this peculiar feature of his career may yet be given to the public by his family. In the brief sketch that he found time to prepare, Mr. Villard's candor forbade any attempt to use his brilliant successes in such a way as to blind the eyes of the uninformed reader to the attendant failures. Mistakes of judgment there were, bringing severe loss to others, and to himself not only painful loss but still more painful abuse and misrepresentation of motives; but the mistakes are pointed out with the same unswerving accuracy as the brighter features of the picture. The plain statement of facts on both sides warrants, we think, the conclusion that his most disastrous reverses were due to causes which he could not have been expected to foresee or control; and this view is

* Memoirs of Henry Villard, Journalist and Financier, 1835-1900. In two volumes. With portraits and maps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

further supported by the readiness of well informed investors to trust his judgment again after disaster had befallen. The losses by the way were after all quite insignificant when compared with the accumulated wealth which owes its origin to the mighty stimulus that he gave to the material development of the States of the Northwest. When wealth and power came within his control they were employed with a due regard for the general welfare. As an indication of his attitude in this respect we may cite the fact that upon the completion of the railroad system of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, completely under his control, the cost of moving grain to the sea was at once reduced by more than forty per cent, giving a rate lower than the growers themselves had asked. Mr. Villard's enlightened insight recognized the importance of intellectual as well as material foundations for the section of the country in which he was so vitally interested, and when the Universities of Oregon and Washington were found to be dangerously embarrassed he came promptly to their relief. He paid the floating debt of the former, provided it with the nucleus of a library, and later gave it $50,000 in cash on condition that the legislature should levy a reasonable tax for its current expenses. He kept the University of Washington in operation by his benefactions for two years, when the Territorial legislature had failed to make appropriations for that purpose, and the amount thus advanced was never returned.

These are only instances of a beneficence that found many channels, when money was at his command, and was always intelligently directed and administered without display. But perhaps one of Mr. Villard's best services to the public, though not in the direction of what is usually classed as philanthropy, was his course in acquiring the ownership of the New York "Evening Post" and "The Nation." His own relation to American journalism had clearly revealed to him the sinister influences under which it was laboring, and he determined that in one quarter at least the light of a genuine editorial independence should continue to shine. Realizing that his ownership of these papers must become known, and that they would naturally rest under suspicion of being used as his personal organs in the promotion of his financial interests, he placed the control of the property entirely out of his hands, putting it in trust for the benefit of his family and giving the trustees full power to maintain its editorial independence against any interference whatever. The sincerity of this abdication of personal control was put beyond question by the character of the men in charge as editors, — Edwin L. Godkin, Carl Schurz, and Horace White. Mr. Villard was of course deeply interested in the great causes with which the "Evening Post" and "The Nation" were already identified, such as the freedom of international commerce, the reformation of the Civil Service, and the adoption and maintenance of a sound money system, as against the evils, actual and threatened, which had their genesis in the financial stress occasioned by the Civil War.

Mr. Villard was thrown into contact with many men of immediate or subsequent prominence, and his volumes record many interesting episodes of such contact. In 1858, for example, he and Abraham Lincoln were driven, each separately, to a little flag station in Illinois, late at night, and left there alone to wait for a belated train. There was no station house, and they were obliged to take refuge from a thunder storm in an empty freight car, where, squatting on the floor in the absence of anything to sit upon, the President-to-be talked frankly of his political history and prospects. "Mary insists that I am going to be Senator, and President of the United States too"; and then, after a roar of laughter at her ambition, his lank arms around his knees and his whole body shaking with mirth, "Just think of such a sucker as me as President!" Mr. Villard was then but a comparatively unknown newspaper correspondent, only five years from his native land. Thirty-two years later, when his enterprises in the Northwest had carried his name and fame into many lands, he was honored with an invitation to visit Prince Bismarck, at Friedrichsruhe. The Prince was still bitterly chafing over the humiliation of his enforced resignation, and poured the story of his woes into his visitor's ears so freely and forcibly as to preclude repetition by a man of Mr. Villard's nice sense of honor. On other subjects, however, there was no such reason for reticence, and the account of Bismarck's views on various matters discussed is of extreme interest.

We have said nothing of the romantic story of Mr. Villard's youth, his arrival in this country without the knowledge of a word of English, and the frequent disappointments through which he struggled upward to a better adjustment to his new environment. It is a story of absorbing interest, and there is no space to

do it justice here. We grow restive, sometimes, under the character of many of the immigrants who pour in upon us from the continent of Europe; but when one stops to think that a Carl Schurz and a Henry Villard have come to us in that way, the immigration problem as a whole takes on a very different aspect.

W. H. JOHNSON.

THE JAPANESE AT CLOSE RANGE.*

Not as a tourist detailing the superficial impressions gained from outside observation, but as a student of the language, the life, and the history of Japan, Dr. Scherer writes of the Island Empire with fresh spirit, keen insight, and clear outlook. He lived in southern Japan five years; then, his health failing, he recuperated in the northern island of Yezo, where live the aboriginal Ainos. Hence he speaks with authority, with truth, and with sympathy, of the country "shaped like the rising moon, and named for the Rising Sun." This little bow-shaped line of islands bends as far as it can toward the West, and contains as many millions of people as it has years of modern history. It was only in 1854 that Commodore Perry "opened it, a veritable box of curios for the Western world." While Occidental curiosity regarding the contents of this box has seemed insatiable, the desire of this race of archers to turn their iron-pointed reeds into leaden bullets and to exchange their clumsy ballistics for twelve-inch steel guns has been insatiable too. Ten years ago Western curiosity deepened into wonder when "this little bow-shaped country suddenly pierced the rusty mail of China with the swift arrow of war." To-day wonder has turned to amazement in beholding, as in a colossal game of *jū-jutsu* (not jū-jitsu), the little islanders closing in a death struggle with the Slav.

To explain Japan's rapid development from a curio-box to a world-power, the author proposes the word education, which predicates two things, — advantages and abilities. The Japanese have availed and will avail themselves of culture just so far as they have capacity. Considered simply as students, Dr. Scherer thinks they are ideal, unparalleled for quick receptiveness and thorough assimilation of mental food. But he does not believe that they are an originative race, and he devotes a chapter to proving, and (if history gives any certain light on the question) of demonstrating, that they are not originative.

Dr. Scherer has no very high opinion of the morality of the Japanese, even though outwardly everything in the land is lovely and æsthetic. He notes a difference between politeness and courtesy; pointing out that although the Westerner may be outwardly clumsy and may never hope to equal the finesse of the Japanese, yet in real courtesy he is vastly the superior of the two. The language of Nippon is saturated with insincerity; it is a superb instrument in helping you to say beautifully what you don't feel, while it renders less help in telling the truth than those languages that are built on lateral breadth rather than on perpendiculars and many grades of subordination. The Japanese are æsthetical, the Chinese are ethical; the latter being creators and the former imitators. The upper classes in Japan are usually rationalists to the core, but as a matter of course they believe in demoniacal possession.

In summing up the Japanese traits, Dr. Scherer finds, on the negative side, a marked absence of certain attributes that to the Occidental seem fundamental and indeed inevitable in a civilized and enlightened nation. Morality, as we understand the word, scarcely exists among the islanders. They do not know the value of time, they seem to have no nerves, they are colossally impassive and strangely lacking both in sympathy and in mutual confidence. In economy, politeness, industry, power to adopt and adapt, they are wonderful. So far from believing in the Cinderella theory of the rise of modern Japan to greatness, Dr. Scherer throws overboard the fairy tales of the tourist. He devotes a chapter to Verbeck, the engineer, scholar, and missionary, who, after all his wonderful gifts and graces are catalogued, was only the pioneer of an army of thousands of teachers, engineers, advisers, drill-masters, miners, and experts in every line of human endeavor and achievement, who for over a generation have taught the Japanese how to do the things they are doing so well to-day. In his opening pages Dr. Scherer shows the comparative resources of Japan and Russia on sea and land; while in the final chapter, called "The Gates of Asia," he states his reasons for believing in the potency of the Japanese to win, uttering his faith in their victory as that of "the West in the East."

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

* JAPAN TO-DAY. By James A. B. Scherer, Ph.D. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Philosophy and Life.*

Perhaps the most promising sign in the realm of philosophy just at present is the growing conviction among philosophers that thinking is bound to justify itself by its fruits, by the contribution it makes to the concrete value of life. There was a time when the philosopher might hug himself in his isolation, dismiss the question of utility and practical consequences with a few condescending words, and, with "thinking for thinking's sake" as his motto, busy himself with his abstract and esoteric doctrines, under the delusion that he alone was getting close to reality, and that the rest of the world were blindly missing all the real worth of life. The attitude is still by no means unknown, and not a few thinkers of to-day seem to prize their results more highly the more they are out of relation to concrete human interests, and the more they emphasize the essential unreality and illusiveness of our knowledge. But as we come to a better knowledge of the nature of man and of the human mind, the less plausible does this separation appear between valuable thinking of any kind, and practical aims. There is in the general temper of the times that which makes men turn with increasing impatience from whatever meets no obvious human need. Psychology in particular has emphasized the solidarity of experience, the essentially teleological character of all our thinking, and its connection with the concrete ends of action. Ethics and religion have long been ready to meet this tendency half way, and to find the possibility of spiritual value, not apart from the common and the practical, in a special realm of experience, or in another and a higher world, but in the transformation of every-day experience by its relation to worthy ends. The same humanistic movement is showing itself at last in philosophy also, and is resulting in a most promising activity in many quarters. Professor William James is in America the great apostle of the new tendency, and there is a growing recognition on all sides of the immense debt that contemporary philosophy is beginning to owe to him.

Three recent books illustrate in a significant way this new movement. Chicago and Oxford, the youngest and the oldest — very nearly — of the great English-speaking Universities, are just now the centres of tendencies which, though of course not identical, have a good deal in common. The "Studies in Logical Theory," which appear among the Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago, are from the hands of Professor John Dewey and seven colleagues, all former students in the Department of Philosophy; and there is a substantial agreement in regard to general doctrine. The Studies are in form somewhat technical and closely reasoned, and are not easily intelligible to the general reader. But for the student of modern Logic, their importance is very considerable, involving as they do a reconstruction in large measure of logical theory. The main thesis of the book is in the direction of what the writers call the instrumental character of Logic. It insists upon the essentially practical nature of the logical problem. Truth does not refer to a sphere of reality outside human experience, which thought is content to stand off and copy. It rather represents a means to the enriching and harmonizing of experience itself. We cannot understand thought save as we recognize that it is not merely thought in general, but that it grows out of particular crises of experience, particular psychological situations, and has for its purpose to reconcile the contradictions of life, and lead the way to a new and larger immediacy of satisfaction. The things which it knows, the laws which it uses, are all relative to their teleological and practical value, not metaphysical things in themselves. And so the test of valid thinking is not a mere supposed correspondence with reality, but the practical test of success in leading to fulness of life. This general thesis is defended with much acuteness, and with a great deal of psychological insight, against various modern types of theory. Of course it raises many questions, not all of which the writers succeed in answering plausibly; and it will not improbably be felt by many to be one-sided in its emphasis, and to make the riddles of existence rather simpler than the facts warrant. But that it is an important piece of work, whose general influence will be salutary in the direction of making philosophy more concretely human, cannot be doubted.

Mr. Schiller's volume of essays entitled "Humanism" continues the line of attack which was started by a group of Oxford men in the recently published "Personal Idealism." It will make a more popular appeal than the work just noticed; indeed, it is as distinctly popular in form as a serious piece of philosophical writing that deals with more or less technical subjects can easily be. Mr. Schiller has a good colloquial English style, and heartily despises the uncouth phraseology in terms of which it has come to be felt necessary to treat philosophical subjects. He has, moreover, a sense of humor not common among philosophers, which shows a tendency to pass into sarcasm whenever he happens to think of his particular aversions — Mr. Bradley and the Absolutists. To this is to be added a distinct originality of treatment, which opens up many things in a suggestive way, and which is not held in check by an undue fear of inconsistency. If the tone also shows a self-confidence which occasionally approaches audacity (one might instance the dialogue in which the author represents himself

* Studies in Logical Theory. By John Dewey, with the coöperation of Members and Fellows of the Department of Philosophy in the University of Chicago. The University of Chicago Press.

Humanism. Philosophical Essays. By F. C. S. Schiller, M.A. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The Nature of Man. Studies in Optimistic Philosophy. By Elie Metchnikoff, Professor at the Pasteur Institute. Translated by P. Chalmers Mitchell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

as lecturing Plato and Aristotle in the realms of the Blest), this quality adds zest to the reading. And, finally, the author is not ashamed to connect philosophy with real human interests. This is indeed the burden of the volume as a whole. The *à priori* philosophies have all been found out, as the preface puts it. The only useful method in philosophy involves the recognition that our beliefs are all postulates, set up to satisfy human needs, and accepted on the basis of their success in meeting these needs, — a new empiricism, in which the emotional side of man's nature is made, however, equally important with the physical or the merely intellectual. "The Ethical Basis of Metaphysical Truth," "Non-Euclidian Geometry," "Reality and Idealism," "Darwinism and Design," "The Place of Pessimism in Philosophy," "Concerning Mephistopheles," "The Desire for Immortality," — this selection of chapter-headings will suggest the catholic range of interests which the essays cover.

Turning to another volume which also, though in a very different way, emphasizes the practical value of thought for life, one's estimate is apt to vary considerably according to the standpoint from which he views it. "The Nature of Man" is professedly a scientific study of old age and death. That science, and science alone, is our source of refuge in time of trouble, appears to the author an elementary truth. Man is a mere animal of a superior sort who can think, in a world where natural law reigns supreme; and his happiness lies in having an organism as completely as possible adjusted to his surroundings, — which at present it is far from being. Of these mal-adjustments, the chief place is assigned to those that centre about old age and death. Religion and philosophy are brushed lightly aside as having no message of relief; what is the answer of science? The main outcome of the book is to the effect that the ills that attach to old age are perfectly preventible. The phenomena of old age are largely due to the encroachment of the white corpuscles on the higher tissues of the body; and this probably could be prevented by introducing a serum to strengthen such tissues, and by taking other means at the same time to prevent the growth of the bacteria of putrefaction. Old age would then be a perfectly natural (now it is pathological) ripening of powers, with duties and a satisfaction of its own that would be necessary for a complete experience; and it would pass at length without perturbation into a — perhaps somewhat easily assumed — "instinct for death." And since life would no longer be cut off prematurely, but only when the desire for life had ceased, the fear of death that now torments mankind would be lost. The writer's eminent qualifications make the scientific part of his book of great interest; it points in the direction of results which, if they are attained, will be without doubt of the utmost practical importance and benefit. As a complete philosophy, however, and a professed answer to all the tangled problems of human life, it offers what to many readers will seem a rather slender programme. The writer's temper of mind is cast a little too much in the mould of scientific dogmatism, and is too lacking in a broad sympathy for man's many-sided nature, to be a wholly safe guide to the highest philosophy of living.

A. K. Rogers.

Briefs on New Books.

"The Shakespeare of English prose."

The enlargement of the "English Men of Letters" series (Macmillan) is a fitting opportunity for the addition of Jeremy Taylor to the list. No important biography of the famous Royalist divine has appeared since Eden's revision (published in 1854) of Reginald Heber's "Life," prefixed to his edition of Taylor's works (1822). The latest biographer, Mr. Edmund Gosse, apparently profiting by the tender admonitions of his critics, has made an earnest effort to keep his pages free from misstatements of fact; and we have observed no errors that are of sufficient importance to affect his general conclusions. The article in the "Dictionary of National Biography" (lv. 422–429) is not by the Rev. T. B. Johnstone (p. viii.), but by the Rev. Alexander Gordon. Taylor was nominated Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, on November 5 (not 3), 1635. The "pearls and rubies" from the ebony case of the King's Bible (p. 63) are identified by Mr. Roberts with the two diamonds and ruby set in a ring bearing the date of 1649 (cp. D. N. B., lv. 423). Evelyn first heard Taylor on April (not March) 15, 1654 (p. 109). Taylor was consecrated on January 27 (not 18), 1661 (p. 175). To offset these minor lapses, it may be said that Mr. Gosse rejects *in toto* the evidence furnished by Lady Wray's letter of 1732, which, whether written in good or in bad faith, is certainly most untrustworthy, and has misled to some extent almost every biographer of Taylor down to the present time. Some parts of the life of Taylor are involved in obscurity: his college life, his four years at Uppingham, his whereabouts at times during the Civil War and the Commonwealth period. Mr. Gosse indulges in few conjectures, and some of his guesses are perhaps as near the truth as one may now hope to get. His assumption that Taylor beheld the entry of Charles I. into Oxford in October, 1641, is borne out by the fact that Taylor was admitted D.D. of Brasenose College on November 1. In its larger aspects, Mr. Gosse's biography must be pronounced of good proportion, sympathetic, and in criticism fairly adequate and just. He is right in emphasizing Taylor's importance as a writer rather than as a theologian or a casuist. While admitting the theological and philosophical importance of "The Liberty of Prophesying," he points out its literary inferiority. "Holy Dying" is immensely superior to "Holy Living," being not a piece of task-work but rather "a pro-

duct of vehement inspiration." Taylor's authorship of the "Discourse of Auxiliary Beauty" is rejected; but Mr. Gosse decides that Taylor must have written the title and taken charge of the MS. for "some great lady in the orthodox camp," perhaps the Countess of Devonshire. The chapter on "Taylor's Place in Literary History" is an acute and comprehensive study of the various aspects of the art of "the Shakespeare of English prose." The volume will add to the reputation of its author as an accomplished critic and biographer.

Venice, in the days of its commercial aristocracy.

The political history of Venice is distinctly the history of the growth of the commercial aristocracy which governed the state during the entire period of its active corporate life. When every other nation was gradually developing a tendency toward popular government, Venice had reversed the order. Beginning with a scheme on which, whatever its feudal resemblances, there prevailed the first principle of democracy, majority rule, the change was from equality to privilege, from popular rule to that most absolute of all governments, an oligarchy. In his "Oligarchy of Venice" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), Mr. George B. McClellan traces this evolution, from its beginnings in the days of the migration of the peoples to the end of the story. There is no attempt to include anything of the literary or artistic history of Venice: no painter or poet is even mentioned; the book is a study of what Mr. McClellan aptly calls "the Venetian *leit-motif*," the supremacy of its commerce and its merchants. When refugees from the mainland first sought protection from the Huns in the shallows and the lagoons, they brought with them certain traditions which were strong enough to influence, but not strong enough to found, a government; but they also brought "an almost absolute equality of poverty," and it was this fact that led directly to class cleavage along the lines of material success in the days that followed. Add to this the peculiar geographical conditions under which Venice existed, and the basis of her history is complete. The story of the first acquisition of power by the doges as representatives of the people, and the gradual limitation of the power of both doge and people through successive *coups d'état*, is well told by Mr. McClellan, whose work shows a thorough study of all the materials at hand, as well as judgment in the selection of authorities in the cases where notable prejudice, as against the church or the ruling aristocracy, might have influenced the writer. This judgment is especially evidenced in the treatment of that most discussed event in Venetian history, the conspiracy of the Doge Marino Falier. Mr. McClellan takes the position, easily justified by a study of Marino Falier's character, but generally opposed by historians, that something more than a mere childish spite was the basis of the Doge's action. "It is more than likely that through the long years of his public activity he had chafed under the oppression of those whom he regarded as his inferiors, and only awaited an opportunity of endeavoring to break their power. It does not necessarily follow that Falier was in advance of his time in a fondness for popular liberty. It is, however, altogether probable that his hatred of the oligarchy was the growth of years and not of a day, and that in scheming to destroy it he would naturally turn to the then only known remedy for the oppression of the nobles, — a benevolent despotism founded upon the support of the people." Mr. McClellan's recent election to the mayoralty of New York has led to an attempt to refer his treatment of certain phases of Venetian political life to modern problems. It is only just to say that he is entirely free from such evidences of a lack of taste. Venetian imperialism, class politics, and political machines are treated solely in reference to the conditions peculiar to Venice, and lose none of their interest thereby.

A new volume by Sir John Lubbock.

When a man does a great many things well, — almost as well as the best, but not quite, — he is apt to find his work overshadowed to a large extent by the work of those who stand just above and beyond him. The Right Honorable Lord Avebury affords a striking instance of this. He is one of the great scientists of the century, — not only the friend of Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, and Spencer, but their active co-worker, fighting with them the great battles which the friends of science have waged in the last half-century; he is an authority in many important biological, geological, and botanical matters; he has led not only the thought and the writing of his time, but in many cases its legislation as well, wherever questions of practical reform have arisen. Yet it is probably safe to say that hardly one person in a thousand knows him except as the Sir John Lubbock who has told us so well and so truly about "The Pleasures of Life" and "The Use of Life." This is especially true in America, where his parliamentary services are unknown, and where there naturally is but little interest in his progressive attitude toward education, economics, and religion, as evidenced by his position in the political life of England. Some idea of the variety and depths of his interests may be gained from a recently published volume of his occasional "Essays and Addresses" (Macmillan), in which the subjects range from Municipal Trading, the Fiscal Policy of England, and the present position of British Commerce, to Huxley, Ruskin, Bank-holidays, and Nature-study. The introductory essay, on "Huxley's Life and Work," is especially valuable for its searching analysis of Huxley's attitude toward religion, — not toward creeds, dogmas, and miracles, but toward the religion which implies "the strenuous endeavor to be and do what is right," as well as a reverence for "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report."

The old discussion of the conflict between science and religion is no longer carried on with any seriousness, outside of high-school debating clubs; but one of the evil effects of that so-called conflict has lasted far beyond its time, namely, the belief that Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, and their coworkers in modern scientific research, were what they were called at the time when their theories first startled the world, — materialists, atheists, unchristian men. Calling them such, and believing them such, has become a habit, a habit that the careful study of their works, or, failing that, the careful reading of an essay like Lord Avebury's, should do much to break. There is something noble and inspiring in the picture of this old man, remaining after the work of all his friends is done, to vindicate their good name. And he does it worthily.

Memories, artistic and personal.

The writing of reminiscences still goes merrily on, and now John Callcott Horsley, R.A., who died last October at the age of eighty-seven, contributes his "Recollections of a Royal Academician" (Dutton), edited by Mrs. Edmund Helps. From the fact that he was a schoolfellow of Shelley's, that his vocation brought him into the friendliest relations with the Queen and the Prince Consort, and that his long connection with the Royal Academy made him acquainted with a host of noted men, both in his own and in other callings, we are prepared to expect some chapters of interest from his pen — or, rather, from that of his amanuensis, to whom he dictated from a well-stored and remarkably retentive memory. Nor are we disappointed. These artless reminiscences have something of that charm of professional enthusiasm and ingenuous self-revelation that made Haydon's Autobiography so attractive to readers of fifty years ago; and they have not a particle of that sourness of disappointed ambition which rendered Haydon's book not exactly a gospel of sweetness and light. In his painting, Horsley sometimes, as Haydon almost always, chose themes from history, sacred or profane. Like Haydon, too, he was a devoutly religious man, as his book shows in a not too obtrusive way. But as his was a far healthier nature than the poor suicide's, his reminiscences are by so much the pleasanter reading. An aptitude for other forms of art besides his chosen one enlarged Horsley's sympathies, so that we find him on intimate terms with Mendelssohn, Moscheles, the Kembles, and others famous in the musical, dramatic, or literary world. Profound, even to excess, was his admiration for Queen Victoria, for the artist Turner, and for Sir Walter Scott. No superlatives are too strong to denote their unapproachable excellence. Latter-day critics do not rate Horsley nearly so high as his frankly complacent reminiscences might lead one to infer. He outlived the somewhat undue fame of his palmiest days; but he evidently remained to the end a very agreeable *raconteur*.

A popular account of Norman-English national life.

To the general reader of history, the later centuries of the Middle Ages, — the period of Feudalism, — is likely to appear as an age of endless turmoil and confusion. Seeing the interminable feuds of quarrelsome lords and militant bishops, he naturally infers that life in those days must have been rude and unsettled. As to its rudeness, there can be no question; but rarely has an age seen conditions more firmly settled and fixed. The further we penetrate into the lower strata of feudal civilization, the more pronounced do we find this fixity of conditions and the greater the monotony of life. This fact is well brought out in a recent volume entitled "Mediæval England," by Miss Mary Bateson, Lecturer of Newnham College, Cambridge. The book is an account of English society from the Norman Conquest to 1350, and belongs to "The Story of the Nations" series (Putnam). It would seem that such a work does not exactly fit into the scheme of that series: there is nothing picturesque in the daily drudgery of the serf, nothing dramatic in the life-history of the average clerk or monk. Though the book is therefore not of the kind that we should expect, it is none the less valuable, as it is perhaps the first serious effort to write a popular account of Norman-English society. The author aims to present a full view of the national life as it was lived in country and in town, at court and in castle, in spacious monasteries and on wide manors. Political movements are kept in the background, and important personages are noticed only when their recorded mode of living may serve to illustrate some particular phase of social existence. The author shows great familiarity with the literature of the period and subjects treated, and puts before us a mass of historic details, nearly all of which make excellent materials, though some might more properly have been omitted. It may be added that the author seems to underestimate the Anglo-Saxon civilization that preceded William's invasion, and credits the Normans with making a great many improvements that probably date from the period before 1066. The book is written in a rather heavy style, and the author's meaning is not always readily apparent; but on the whole she has succeeded in producing a readable and scholarly work.

Essays and plays by an Irish mystic.

That Mr. William Butler Yeats should have won his way to so large a place in the public eye bespeaks marked talent. A pronounced mystic, a seer of visions, and dreamer of dreams, he stands at the opposite pole from the comfortable Anglo-Saxon burgher and his leisure-consuming wife, who are actuated by nothing if not plain common sense and a respect for the conventionalities. Mr. Yeats is a man of temperament, and it is the boast of most of the English-speaking race that they are without that somewhat discommoding possession to any noticeable extent. And yet he continues to write, which means that he is read. In his "Ideas

of Good and Evil" (published, like the other books to be mentioned, by the Macmillan Co.) he sets forth the faith that is in him, in the form of mediæval white magic, crystal reading, interpretation of dreams and the like, mingling these things with disquisitions on literature, but always from the same mystical and semi-comprehensible point of view. This book has been followed by two volumes of "Plays for an Irish Theatre," the first containing a five-act satirical tragedy, "Where There is Nothing," in which the customary person of "respectability" is held up to shrewd scorn, while the protagonist goes from an assured position in the county to the road as a tinker, falls ill through unwonted exposure to the elements, becomes a monk, preaches what may be termed sentimental nihilism, is expelled from the convent, takes refuge with his scanty following in the Irish hills, and there is slain by a bigoted peasantry. The other book contains three one-act plays, the first of which, "The Hour Glass," portrays the death of a teacher whose powers of intellect have led him into a fatal denial of things unseen. The second play, "Cathleen Ni Hoolihan," is a beautiful bit of symbolic patriotism, the title being that given the green land of Erin itself when British tyranny denied its people the use of the very name of their country. The last of the three dramas, "A Pot of Broth," is picaresque, being the tale of a wandering rascal who sells a magic stone to a "near" peasant woman. All are practicable plays, not merely "literary," and were written for the theatrical venture in Dublin which the playwright and his friends have made so artistically successful.

A book about business education and accountancy.

It is made apparent in the collection of essays entitled "Business Education and Accountancy" (Harper), edited by Dr. Frederick A. Cleveland from the writings of the late Charles Waldo Haskins, that the trend of education to-day is toward the same system that prevailed in Mesopotamia from the beginnings of history. From Mr. Haskins's scholarly and interesting paper on "Accountancy in Babylonia and Assyria" it is evident that, while the problems in arithmetic given as exercises for the infant Babylonian mind were of the mercantile type so familiar to American children, the ancient instructor went much further and used forms of contracts and commercial documents for reading and writing lessons, and, further, that the higher education was largely along the lines of modern commercial schools. This is something worth knowing, if only to settle the question whether we are four thousand years behind our times or the ancient Babylonians were four thousand years ahead of theirs. With the increase in the magnitude of commercial affairs in recent years there has come a demand for improved methods of the keeping of trust and corporation accounts. Mr. Haskins was one of the first to see and supply that demand, and he sought always to raise what had theretofore been the merest clerical position to the dignity of a profession, with all the emoluments thereunto belonging. In this, and in obtaining legal recognition of such a profession as that of "certified public accountant," he was successful. As the organizer of the federal system of account-keeping Mr. Haskins obtained a national reputation, enhanced by his appointment to the position of Dean of the New York University School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance. These facts are set forth by Dr. Cleveland in a memoir of the author, whose grasp of his subject as shown in the papers making up the volume in hand prove him to have been no small factor in the recent commercial development of the United States.

A brief biography of Napoleon.

The aim of Mr. R. M. Johnston's "Napoleon: A Short Biography" (Barnes), as stated in the author's preface, is to "furnish a correct outline of Napoleonic history and to point the way along which it may be profitably pursued." Unhappily this aim has not been carried out. The student who should take this work as a guide would fail to discover in Napoleon anything more than a military adventurer. The civil side of his work, except the Code and the Concordat, is almost wholly ignored. There are barely half a dozen lines on his Italian policy, and not much more upon his work in Germany. Nearly all the author's space is taken by narratives of the successive military campaigns. And what is told is marred by serious inaccuracies. For example, in the account of the 13th Vendémiare it is remarked that Barras was a member of the "Directoire" and that this was then the executive of France, although in fact the Directory was chosen nearly a month later. Barras is also described as a civilian. In a chapter further on, Savary is mentioned as the leader of the expedition to Ettenheim which effected the seizure of the Duc d'Enghien, and the date of the execution at Vincennes is incorrectly given. Still later the Bourbons are said to have been proclaimed by the Provisional Government in 1814 before Napoleon had abdicated, and it is added that Louis XVIII. entered Paris while the negotiations with Napoleon were in progress. These illustrations are sufficient. Such a lack of care in explaining well-known events is all the more strange because the bibliographical lists are good.

Old-time European travels.

Mr. Alexander Innes Shand, who is a veteran newspaper correspondent, author of biographies, books of travel, and a book descriptive of hunting and fishing, and who is a persistent "knockabout" and *bon vivant* as well, has written in "Old-Time Travel" (Pott) his "personal reminiscences of the Continent forty years ago compared with experiences of the present day." The portion of Europe with which the author began to familiarize himself two-score years ago comprised all excepting Russia and the Balkan and Scandinavian peninsulas; and his de-

scriptions of what was and is to be seen in the countries west of the Rhine, although sometimes a little rhapsodical, are yet informing and delightful. The changes which he notes as having been wrought during the years of his European travel are not so much in the appearance of the cities and towns as in the modes of travel, in the fare at the various hostelries, in the sports to be engaged in, and in the social life to be enjoyed. All this is from the standpoint of the author of "Half a Century, or Changes in Men and Manners." Whether the forty illustrations, from water-colors by Mr. A. H. Hallam Murray, were made for the book or the book for the illustrations, or whether they came independently into existence and were subsequently found to have a mutual affinity, might remain open questions so far as internal evidence goes. But, at all events, both author and artist have contributed to the making of a charming book.

A New England woman of a century ago.

The fact that a biography need not celebrate a famous name in order to be interesting is well proved by the "Memorials of Mary Wilder White," edited by her daughter, and issued from the Everett Press, Boston. This volume is made up largely of Mrs. White's letters, and is valuable for showing very frankly and sincerely the character and thoughts of a New England woman a hundred years ago, — a woman who, though of decidedly more than average cultivation, belonged to no famous coterie. Her life was not without its excitements, for at seventeen she was married to a West Indian planter who took her to Guadeloupe at a time when insurrections were of almost daily occurrence, and yellow fever raged with little check. In five months she lost both her husband and her only brother, and her own life was repeatedly threatened. But after her return to Concord her life was only ordinarily eventful, and her biography owes its chief charm to the revelation of her personality in her letters, many of which are given here. They reveal a rare delicacy of thought, with force and grace of character. Nowhere are these qualities more delightfully shown than in her love-letters to Mr. Daniel Appleton White, to whom she was married in 1807. In their restraint and dignity, these letters might well serve as a model to the present more exuberant age.

BRIEFER MENTION.

We doubt if the most hardened of apologists for our national policy in the Philippine Islands could read without searchings of heart "The Story of the Lopez Family" as set forth in a series of family letters, with comments, and edited for publication in book form by Mr. Canning Eyot. These letters give us an insight into Filipino life and character such as we may seek in vain in the books of travellers or in official documents. The fact that they were written without any notion of publication makes their revelations all the more poignantly effective, and they constitute probably the most valuable of all the human documents that have resulted from our unhappy venture in colonialism. The book which contains this correspondence is attractively illustrated. It is a publication of the James H. West Co.

"The Book of the Short Story" (Appleton), edited by Messrs. Alexander Jessup and Henry Seidel Canby, is a volume of examples, eighteen in number, extending from a papyrus story of ancient Egypt to a tale by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and illustrating the chief modern literature, with one amazing exception, — for the book includes no example of a German story. Besides the strictly textual matter, there is an elaborate critical essay by way of introduction, while with each story selected there goes a rather long list of other stories of the same period, which provides ample material for a further study of the subject. The book as a whole exhibits good judgment, and will be found useful for educational purposes.

"Electricity and Matter," by Professor J. J. Thomson, is a publication of the Messrs. Scribner. It contains the first course of lectures given at Yale University upon the Silliman foundation, and shows, among other things, a remarkably elastic construction of the terms of an endowment "designed to illustrate the presence and providence, the wisdom and goodness of God, as manifested in the natural and moral world." The treatment of the subject is as untechnical as possible, considering the recondite nature of the investigations discussed, and provides a statement of the present condition of physical theory concerning the ultimate nature of matter and force.

Mr. W. T. Ashley's work entitled "The Adjustment of Wages" (Longmans) is a study of conditions in the coal and iron industries of Great Britain and America. The material consists of eight lectures delivered by the author at Oxford in 1903, with the addition of a number of illustrative documents. The attempt is to give a general survey of existing conditions, rather than to solve the problem of industrial organization. The conclusion is reached that "the differences between the United States and Great Britain, in the matter of the organization of labor, are differences of degree, not of kind," — the latter country having reached a later stage of industrial development. Mr. Ashley's presentation of the problem can hardly fail to interest the average reader, and will induce him, incidentally, to draw some conclusions of his own.

Herr L. Viereck's "Zwei Jahrhunderte Deutschen Unterrichts in den Vereinigten Staaten" (Braunschweig-Vieweg — New York: Stechert) is the expansion of a paper on "German Instruction in American Schools" prepared by the author several years ago for the Report of the U. S. Commissioner of Education. In its present form the work is a volume of three hundred pages, presenting not only a conspectus of modern conditions and courses in the various school systems and universities (together with portraits of many well-known teachers of German), but also a historical survey of the subject based upon a very wide range of authorities. The book is even more than this, for it is a study of the influence of German culture upon American life and thought, viewed in a far wider than the merely educational aspect. There are some amusing misprints of proper names, of which the most conspicuous is that of William Torvey (for Torrey) Harris, on the frontispiece portrait, and the most startling that of Dr. "Morderow" Wilson for the president of Princeton University.

Notes.

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw's freakish essay called "The Quintessence of Ibsen" is sent us by Brentano's in a new but unchanged edition.

"Fairy-Tales Up-to-Now," by Mr. Wallace Irwin, is an amusing burlesque (in verse) of five old-time favorites of the nursery. It is prettily published by Mr. Paul Elder.

"An Introduction to Invertebrate Embryology," based on the study of the frog and the chick, by Dr. Albert Moore Reese, is a recent publication of the Messrs. Putnam.

An edition of "Hamlet," edited by Mr. A. W. Verity, is published in the "Students' Shakespeare" by the Messrs. Macmillan, acting as agents for the Cambridge University Press.

Professor Oscar W. Kuhns's volume on "Dante's Influence on English Poetry, from Chaucer to Tennyson" is announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.

"Applications of the Kinetic Theory to Gases, Vapors, Pure Liquids, and the Theory of Solutions," by Prof. William Pingry Boynton, is a recent educational publication of the Macmillan Co.

Mrs. E. L. Voynich has placed in the hands of her publishers, J. B. Lippincott Co., the manuscript of her new novel of Russian life, "Olive Latham," and the book will appear at an early date.

"The Voice of America on Kishineff," sent us by the Jewish Publication Society of America, is a volume of sermons, resolutions, newspaper articles, and other pertinent matters, compiled by Dr. Cyrus Adler.

"Steps in English," published in two volumes by the American Book Co., is a text-book for elementary schools prepared by the joint efforts of Messrs. John Morrow, A. G. McLean, and Thomas C. Blaisdell.

"Dramatic Specimens and the Garrick Plays" constitutes Volume IV. in the new edition of "The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb," edited by Mr. E. V. Lucas, and published in this country by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"The Spanish Colonial System," by William Roscher, is a translation of a chapter of the "Kolonialpolitik" of that author, made for American students by Professor Edward G. Bourne, and published as a pamphlet by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.

The Messrs. Putnam have issued a new and cheaper edition of Mr. George Cary Eggleston's estimates of those "American Immortals" whose names find place in the New York University's Hall of Fame. The volume is a handsome one externally, and is liberally supplied with portraits in photogravure.

Two additions to the "American Commonwealths" series have just been announced. A volume on Massachusetts will be supplied by Prof. Edward Channing of Harvard, and one on Rhode Island by Mr. Irving B. Richman, author of a recently-published work entitled "Rhode Island: Its Making and its Meaning."

A volume on G. F. Watts, by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, appears in "The Popular Library of Art," published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. It is a pretty little book, abundantly illustrated. The same publishers also send us, in their "Little Biographies," a volume on Robert Burns, by Mr. T. F. Henderson, also having numerous illustrations.

Mr. Henry Frowde publishes for the Oxford Clarendon Press an edition of More's "Utopia," provided with introduction, notes, and a glossarial index by Mr. J. Churton Collins, a name which is a guarantee of editorial thoroughness and scholarship.

"Social Progress" for 1904, published by the Baker & Taylor Co., is the first annual appearance of "a year book and encyclopædia of economic, industrial, social, and religious statistics," edited by Mr. Josiah Strong. It is a valuable compendium of facts.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett has gone to Italy for the summer to complete his book on Tuscany, which will appear in the early fall with many illustrations by Mr. Joseph Pennell. His new novel, "The Queen's Quair," is announced for immediate publication.

Professor William Edward Mead has edited for the "Albion Series" of Messrs. Ginn & Co. the middle English metrical romance of "The Squyr of Lowe Degre." All the extant forms of the poem are given, together with introduction, notes, and a glossary.

Period V. of "A History of England," by the Rev. J. Franck Bright, covers the years of "Imperial Reaction" under the late Queen — in other words, the last two decades of the nineteenth century. It has maps and plans, and is published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co.

An English translation of "The Annals of Tacitus," Books I.–VI., made by Dr. George Gilbert Ramsay, and provided with introduction, notes, and maps, forms a handsome volume of more than four hundred pages, of which the American edition bears the imprint of Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co.

It is intended to apply whatever profits are derived from the sale of Mr. Samuel T. Pickard's new literary guide, "Whittier Land," to the preservation and care of the Whittier houses at Haverhill and Amesbury which are to be kept open always for such visitors as love the memory of Whittier.

A selection of "Poems That Every Child Should Know," made by Miss Mary E. Burt, is published by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. Miss Burt's large experience in teaching literature to children, as well as in making books for them to read, gives this volume a value far beyond most of its kind.

By special arrangement Messrs. Harper & Brothers have acquired the rights to Mr. Irving Bacheller's three novels, "Eben Holden," "D'ri and I," and "Darrell of the Blessed Isles," and are henceforth the publishers of Mr. Bacheller's past and future work. A new novel by this author has just been completed, and will appear during the coming fall.

"The Reciter's Treasury of Verse" (Dutton), compiled by Mr. Ernest Pertwee, is an octavo volume containing nearly eight hundred pages of selections, and an extended introduction on "The Art of Speaking." Many besides those for whom the book is directly intended will be glad to have it for the sake of the large amount of before inaccessible poetry that it brings within reach.

Messrs. A. W. Elson & Co. are the publishers of a series of thirty photogravures illustrative of "Renaissance Painting in Italy." With these reproductions, which come in three portfolios of ten plates each, there goes a booklet catalogue of the larger carbon photographs issued by the same house. This catalogue is illustrated, and the descriptive list is furnished by Prof. John C. Van Dyke.

The Macmillan Co. send us an edition of the "Leviathan" of Hobbes, published as a "Cambridge English Classic" under the editorship of Mr. A. R. Waller. The reprint is from the first issue of 1651, with the original spelling and punctuation preserved. There is a facsimile of the title-page.

A new novel by Mr. Thomas Dixon is announced by Messrs Doubleday, Page & Co. "The Clansman" is its title, and it has to do with the Ku Klux Klan movement. The same publishing firm will issue shortly "The Tomboy at Work" by Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, and "The Interloper" by Mrs. Violet Jacobs.

A supplement to Hain and Copinger's well-known "Repertorium Bibliographicum" has been prepared by Dr. Dietrich Reichling, and will be published in parts by Mr. Jacques Rosenthal of Munich. The first part, to appear at an early date, will contain more than four hundred incunabula unknown to Hain and Copinger, together with many corrections and emendations.

"Teutonic Legends in the Nibelungen Lied and the Nibelungen Ring," by Dr. W. C. Sawyer, is a recent publication of the J. B. Lippincott Co. The work is in part a translation of Dr. Wilhelm Wägner's prose version of the "Nibelungen Lied." An essay on "The Legendary in German Literature," by Dr. Fritz Schultze, written for this volume, serves it as a preface.

As the first volume in a projected series of rare Americana, the A. Wessels Co. will publish this month a reprint of the Rev. Andrew Burnaby's "Travels through the Middle Settlements," being an account of a tour through the American colonies during the years just previous to the Revolution. Mr. Rufus Rockwell Wilson has supplied an introduction and notes to the new edition.

To the list of text-books devoted to the history and government of the various states of the Union, Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard's volume on Wyoming should prove an attractive addition. The history of Wyoming is of especial interest in connection with the subject of national territorial expansion, and this phase has been given full attention in Dr. Hebard's book. The Whitaker & Ray Co. of San Francisco will publish the volume shortly.

"A History of Matrimonial Institutions," by Professor George E. Howard, is announced for publication this month by the University of Chicago Press. The same publishers also announce second editions of their recent books, "The Code of Hammurabi," edited by Professor Robert Francis Harper; "The Psychology of Child Development," by Professor Irving King; and "Lectures on Commerce," edited by Professor Henry Rand Hatfield.

Four volumes of the "Temple School Shakespeare" are sent us by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. They are "Julius Cæsar," edited by Mr. F. Armytage-Morley; "Hamlet," edited by Mr. Oliphant Smeaton; "As You Like It," edited by Miss Flora Masson; and "Richard II.," edited by Mr. W. Keith Leask. The series is English in its origin, being an enterprise of the Messrs. Dent. The volumes are usefully illustrated, and the notes are fairly elaborate.

Mr. Henry Bradley's "The Making of English" (Macmillan) is a nice little book of popular etymology and general word-study, which may best be described as a more modern and more scholarly Trench. We are glad that Mr. Bradley's labors on the great Dictionary have spared him time for the writing of this useful and agreeable little volume, which will do much, in its way, to inculcate the elementary principles of sound English scholarship upon the mind of the general reader.

The chief features of the April issue of "The Burlington Magazine" are Mr. Lionel Cust's essay on "H. R. H. Prince Albert as an Art Collector"; Mr. R. S. Clouston's article on Claydon House, Bucks, and its decorations and furniture; a description of Sir William Bennett's collection of Chinese powdered blue porcelain; notes on a collection of drawings by Millet; and an article on the Rembrandt etchings in the Dutuit collection. These and other contributions are richly illustrated. The subscription price of the magazine has been reduced from $10. to $8. a year.

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 125 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Napoleon: A History of the Art of War, from the Beginning of the French Revolution to the End of the 18th Century, with a Detailed Account of the Wars of the French Revolution. By Theodore Ayrault Dodge. Vols. I. and II., illus. in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. "Great Captains." Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Per vol., $4. net.

Charles Reade as I Knew him. By John Coleman. Illus., large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 428. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

Scottish Reminiscences. By Sir Archibald Geikie. Large 8vo, uncut, pp. 447. Macmillan Co. $2.50.

Life and Letters of the Great Earl of Cork. By Dorothea Townshend. With photogravure portrait, large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 532. E. P. Dutton & Co. $5. net.

Annals of a Clerical Family: Being Some Account of the Family and Descendants of William Venn, Vicar of Otterton, Devon, 1600–1621. By John Venn, F.R.S. Large 8vo, uncut, pp. 296. Macmillan Co. $6.

Robert Burns. By T. F. Henderson. Illus., 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 202. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1. net.

HISTORY.

Reformation and Renaissance (circa 1377–1610). By J. M. Stone. Illus., large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 470. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4. net.

History of the United States of America. By Henry William Elson. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 950. Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

New Hampshire: An Epitome of Popular Government. By Frank B. Sanborn. With map, 16mo, gilt top, pp. 354. "American Commonwealths." Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10 net.

Early Western Travels, 1748–1846. Edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Vol. II., John Long's Journal, 1768–1782. Large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 329. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co. $4. net.

Pioneer Roads and Experiences of Travelers, Vol. I. By Archer Butler Hulbert. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 201. "Historic Highways of America." Arthur H. Clark Co. $2.50 net.

The Journey of Coronado, 1540–1542, from the City of Mexico to the Grand Canon of the Colorado and the Buffalo Plains of Texas, Kansas, and Nebraska. As told by himself and his followers. Edited by George Parker Winship. With map, 16mo, pp. 251. "The Trail Makers." A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Addresses and Presidential Messages of Theodore Roosevelt, 1902–4. With Introduction by Henry Cabot Lodge. 8vo, pp. 485. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

The Legend of the Holy Grail, as Set Forth in the Frieze Painted by Edwin A. Abbey for the Boston Public Library. With description and interpretation by Sylvester Baxter. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 119. Boston: Curtis & Cameron. $1.50.

A Collector's Portrait. Trans. from the French of Louis Judicis by E. F. King. Illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 48. New York: Literary Collector Press.

Parsifal, the Guileless Fool. By Howard Duffield. 18mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 86. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1. net.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

The Virginians. By W. M. Thackeray. "Kensington" edition; in 3 vols., illus. in photogravure, etc., 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. Charles Scribner's Sons. (Sold only in sets of 32 vols., by subscription.)

Cornish Ballads and Other Poems. By R. S. Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow; edited by C. E. Byles. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 314. John Lane. $1.50 net.

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G. F. Watts. By G. K. Chesterton. Illus., 24mo, gilt top, pp. 174. "Popular Library of Art." E. P. Dutton & Co. 75 cts. net.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

The Statesman's Year-Book: Statistical and Historical Annual of the States of the World for the Year 1904. Edited by J. Scott Keltie, LL.D., with the assistance of I. P. A. Renwick, M.A. 12mo, pp. 1398. Macmillan Co. $3. net.

Analytical Index to the Educational Review, Volumes 1 to 25, January, 1891, to May, 1903. By Charles Alexander Nelson. Large 8vo, uncut, pp. 218. Educational Review Publishing Co. $2. net.

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